Night and Morning

For her young anger, envision
a flat, salt place where evening's
the black start of rain.

She bikes at the lighthouse there in
a fury of hair

she'll unburden,
striking him again and again

all breath
and eyes

beneath the swing
of light.

Mud slashing her legs, she wheels
back, shattering pud-
dles of clouds just-tinted
by sunrise. Owning

hearts of peace
and hate and fear and wonder-

ing them to woman.